**The Advert**

by[ChainedManiac](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2460555&page=submissions)©

**The Advert Ch. 01**

The advert kept drawing her eye. 6 words that burned to the centre of her, melting something buried deep. 'Closet exhibitionist required for private project.'  
  
Closet exhibitionist described her perfectly. Or at least it described someone she used to be.   
  
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Kirsty had been something of a late developer, only blossoming into full womanhood during the latter days of college. University was the time when she was able to explore who she really was. She lost her virginity in a largely forgettable freshers week fumble, and proceeded to get into the swing of uni life.  
  
She moved into a student flat with 3 others - 2 lads studying Civil Engineering (nice enough but a bit dull), and another girl called Sam. Sam was like a walking hormone - always talking about sex, openly fantasising about people she met or saw on TV, and not shy to discuss her many conquests. Kirsty really liked Sam, but found her a bit intimidating - probably due to Kirsty's lack of experience and more reserve when it came to anything sexual.  
  
Like many exhibitionists, she first fell in love with watching. The thrill of unexpectedly seeing something illicit.   
  
It was random chance - walking home late one night after a big fresher's fancy dress club night, a noise drew her eye to a doorway slightly ahead of her. In the shadows, a man stood with one hand on the wall and head thrown back in ecstacy. Between his legs, a blonde girl was enthusiastically sucking his cock. Cheeks drawn in as she bobbed her head up and down the shaft, taking the whole length in and moaning appreciatively.   
  
The street lamp over the road lit the scene perfectly. The girl looked like she had been at the same club night, dressed as a slutty schoolgirl - blonde hair tied in pig tails and a white blouse tied round her midriff. She was crouched in high heels, bare legs spread wide apart letting her short tartan skirt ride up to her waist, wantonly exposing her bare, glistening pussy to the night.   
  
Kirsty was shocked, but despite herself her eye was drawn to the girls hand, alternating between furiously rubbing her clitoris before plunging two fingers deep inside herself urgently.   
  
Kirsty had to fight the urge to lift her skirt and seek her own relief. Suddenly, she froze - the girl was looking right at her, smiling. Her right hand was wrapped round the base of the man's erection, slowly tugging. Without breaking eye contact with Kirsty, the girl parted her lips and licked the underside of his cock along its full length, eliciting a noise that was half groan, half growl. Fight or flight kicked in and Kirsty ran past the couple and didn't stop til she got to her flat.  
  
The flat was empty when she got home and Kirsty rushed to lock herself in her bedroom. The scene she had witnessed replayed itself over and over again in her head. The dirtiness of it thrilled her. Each time she replayed it her focus came back to the brazenness of the girl - short skirt, no knickers and high heels, legs spread wide - seemingly enjoying the exposure. Despite having never thought of another woman sexually before, it was the image of the girl's fingers frantically sliding in and out of her shaved, soaking slit that made Kirsty buck against her own hand as she came hard in the privacy of her bedroom.  
  
Wide awake now, and buzzing with excitement she decided to shower. Stripping off the rest of her clothes she tood in front of the mirror. She wasn't bad looking, a pretty face with dimples in her cheeks when she smiled. Brown hair framed her face and rested on athletic shoulders. Her breasts were a nice C cup, tipped with long pink nipples which had a tendency to stand out in the cold, or when she was aroused. For that reason alone she usually kept them covered in a thick padded bra, even around the house. She pinched them now and watched them swell to their full length. Her tummy was pleasingly toned, as were her legs and arse - a product of many miles of middle distance running. Her neatly trimmed pubic hair was still wet from her orgasm, and her thighs were slick with her juices.   
  
A delicious thought crossed her mind - she wrapped herself in a short towel, walked across to the window and pulled the cord on the venetian blinds, exposing her lamp-lit bedroom to the block of flats across the street, before turning and heading for the bathroom.  
  
The shower did nothing to calm her heightened arousal. Needles of almost too hot water drummed her chest and belly, picking out her sensitive nipples and making them swell again, amplifying the effect still further. Little sharp sparks of electricity travelled from her chest to her pussy, adding to the slickness.  
  
Kirsty couldn't remember ever being more horny. Her mind worked at a thousand miles per hour. She had a sudden desire to see and be seen. Like a switch being tripped, Kirsty had suddenly and unexpectedly discovered a need to show off her body, and to catch a glimpse of other people fucking. Fucking. Even that word wasn't one that would have entered her mind before tonight. But the fleeting glimpse of lust; wanton exhibitionism and exposed sex had awakened something deep within.  
  
Her nipples demanded attention again, and Kirsty took them between the ,thumb and forefinger of each hand and twisted, hard. Her clit throbbed, she could feel her cream oozing out of her, and she nearly collapsed - knees almost buckled, as she moaned aloud.  
  
Briefly, she wondered if her flatmates were in fact home, and whether they heard her almost coming again. The thought at once appalled and excited her. That surprised her, and she filed the feeling away for later analysis.  
  
Looking round the steamy bathroom, Kirsty picked up her razor.   
  
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Across the road, he stood in darkness curious to see what he might see. He had noticed the blinds were open where usually they were firmly shut. The bedroom door opened and he swallowed hard as the cute brunette student walked in wearing a very short white towel around her body, wet hair loose across her shoulders.  
  
She was stunning - a pretty little face and a very hot body underneath her skimpy towel.  
  
He expected her to close the blinds quickly, and was pleased when she walked past the window and picked up a hairbrush from her night stand. She sashayed across the room to her dressing table and to his eternal delight, with her back to him, she dropped her towel to reveal her naked body beneath.  
  
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Kirsty was wetter than she'd ever been. She sat down nude on the piano stool in front of her dressing table and exhaled. She hadn't allowed herself to come again while she shaved, despite the attention she had to give herself to ensure she removed all the hair. The sensation of being completely bald was intoxicating and she couldn't wait to touch herself properly. When she walked back into her room she thought she saw movement in the shadows of the room directly across the street. After tonight's events, the thought of an audience made her clit buzz.  
  
The leather of the stool felt good on her newly shaved pussy. She flexed her hips, grinding down onto the cool leather. Kirsty tried to imagine what her neighbour could see - her naked back and most of her arse. In the dressing table mirror in front of her she tried to make out the window opposite to see if there really was someone there but couldn't quite get the right angle. She picked up her hairbrush and began teasing out the knots, occasionally twisting slightly, giving her imaginary audience a brief glimpse of the side of her breast.  
  
The earlier image kept on coming into her mind causing fresh wetness to escape from her slick lips onto the leather stool. She recalled the stranger's cock - difficult to gauge size from so far away but it looked thick and long enough. Kirsty wondered what had happened next - did the girl swallow all of the man's come, the feeling of his ejaculation hitting the back of her throat enough to send her over the edge? Perhaps the couple had fucked right there in the doorway, attracting more attention and admirers. Maybe they went back to one of their flats and were still at it, hot bodies bringing each other untold pleasures.  
  
Forgetting herself, Kirsty dipped her fingers between her legs, touching her engorged clit for a moment. Suddenly she had a desire to turn around on the piano stool, showing herself to her neighbour - an urge to spread her legs and frig herself to orgasm in front of her open window. A voice of sense told her she wasn't ready for that though, and somehow she resisted.  
  
Instead she took a deep breath, turned round on the stool (unable to resist a quick 'accidental' flash), walked to the window and closed the blind.  
  
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He couldn't believe his luck. As she dropped her towel he caught the briefest glimpse of a peachy arse as she sat down at the dressing table.  
  
For ten minutes or so he studied her sexy toned back flexing and moving as she brushed her hair. She turned her head, as though hearing a noise, and her torso twisted slightly, giving a tantalising glimpse of the side of her breast. He longed for her to turn around so that he could study her properly.  
  
At last his wish came true. His exhibitionist neighbour turned on her stool. He would later wish he had been recording on his videocamera so that he could replay it in slow motion.   
  
As she turned, her knees parted showing off her long, toned legs and glistening pussy - it was completely shaved, revealing her pink inner lips and enlarged clit. She stood up, seeming to look straight at him and walked to the window. His eyes drank in the sight of her fantastic tits which jiggled slightly as she stood, tipped by magnificent, suckable nipples which were very erect as though she was sexually aroused. Did she know she was being watched? A half smile as she flicked the blinds closed added to the intrigue...  
  
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Kirsty lay face down on her bed, rocking and grinding herself into the duvet, hands all over her soaking pussy and hard nipples - caressing, twisting, squeezing and fucking. She came quickly and noisily, unable to contain her cries as she felt her come gushing over her fingers. Again she found herself wondering if her flatmates were home, and whether they could hear her cries, knowing what she was up to.  
  
She drifted off to sleep on top of the sheets, snapshots of the night flickering through her mind : wet mouth sucking on a hard cock; a stranger girl masturbating in a doorway; her own shaven pussy and stiff, aroused nipples displayed to the window opposite; a stranger in the shadows getting off on her display; the prospect of one of her flatmates bursting in tomorrow morning with a cup of coffee and gossip, seeing her like this.

**The Advert Ch. 02**

The next few days continued the epiphany of her exhibitionism and voyeurism. The sensation of a completely shaved pussy was wonderful, and even made wearing tight jeans a pleasure.   
  
Kirsty had also taken to walking around the flat without a bra on, enjoying the friction of her hard nipples against her clothes. She was permanently aroused and had masturbated more in the last few days than ever before. She had begun fantasising about buying a vibrator or dildo like the one she knew Sam kept in her underwear drawer.  
  
On Thursday she decided to skip morning lectures and stay home alone while everyone else was out. After eating a leisurely breakfast in the clothes she'd slept in - a grey athletic vest and lacey boy-shorts, Kirsty's mind began to wander to the events of the previous Saturday. Recalling the actions of the strangers in the doorway, her hands began to caress her nipples through the vest making them stand to attention.  
  
Wanting to emulate the girl on the night, She went to her room and put on her highest stiletto heels. Automatically feeling 10 times sexier, she squatted down in front of the mirror, pulled her boy-shorts aside and lifted her vest top to expose her long nipples. Her pussy was already wet, her clit enlarged through arousal and pink folds of her labia beautifully exposed and slick.  
  
Sighing, she spread her thighs completely, and with both hands explored herself. Two fingers of her left hand stroked the length of her slit, spreading the wetness around, while her right hand rubbed her clit making her squirm. Spreading her lips she pushed two fingers inside herself, enjoying the momentary feeling of fullness. She tugged at her nipples, feeling darts of pleasure spreading to her pussy.   
  
Looking at her flushed face and chest in the mirror, she knew exactly how the girl had felt on that night. The empowerment and longing of exposure. Kirsty longed to have a cock to play with to enjoy the full experience. A wicked thought crossed her mind and she stood up and walked to Sam's room.  
  
Moving quickly, Kirsty opened Sam's top drawer and felt around. She quickly found what she desired - Sam's 8 inch black latex dildo. It was fairly realistic with a large mushroom head, veins and two large balls at the base. On the bottom a suction cup allowed the user to stick it to a flat surface to enjoy. The thing felt big, heavy and deliciously filthy in her hands. She rushed out of Sam's room, keen to experiment with her borrowed toy.  
  
The knock at the door of the flat occurred exactly as she walked past, making her cry out in fright. She quickly appraised her situation: alone in the flat, wearing a thin vest which perfectly showed every contour of her hard nipples. Lacey boy shorts, damp with excitement, 5 inch stiletto heels elongating her legs and forcing her to push out her arse and tits as she stood. Topped off with an 8-inch black latex cock in her hand and the unmistakable flush and smell of sex about her person. She couldn't pretend to be out as whoever it was must have heard her cry out before.  
  
The old Kirsty would've scampered back to her room to kick off the high heels and pull on a thick bath robe.  
  
The newly awakened Kirsty, however, called out "just a minute" as she stuck the suction cup of the dildo to the telephone table just inside the hallway and tugged her nipples to make them stand out even more. Her pussy creamed in anticipation as she unlocked the door and swung it open.  
  
The parcel delivery guy initially seemed pissed off at having to wait, but that soon turned to stuttering awe as he drank in the sight before him. The young brunette girl was beautiful. wearing underwear and high heels she had a dusky skin tone and a cute dimple in her cheek as she smirked at his reaction. He couldn't help but ogle her body - toned arms and legs, good sized tits with huge nipples threatening to poke through a very thin vest.  
  
"Hi, sorry to keep you. You caught me getting dressed," the girl spread her arms and looked down at herself, as if to show her predicament, giving him the excuse to stare at her nearly naked tits again.  
  
"N-n-no problem miss. I've come to collect a parcel and deliver another."  
  
"Oh yes, Sam mentioned something about that. Wait here please,"  
  
She turned and strutted through the flat, stilettos punctuating every step as she rolled her hips to show off her arse to maximum effect. When she returned she was pleased to see it had worked, as the parcel guy was sporting an impressive tent at the front of his cargo shorts.   
  
He took the parcel and handed her a new one. Kirsty made sure she got nice and close to him to sign the paperwork. The poor guy was shaking as she pressed her breast into his forearm as she signed the docket.   
  
As he made to leave, he stuttered, "thanks again miss, enjoy the rest of your morning"   
  
She picked up the dildo and winked, "Oh I will, thank you very much!"   
  
She kicked the door shut, and as it closed she looked him in the eye, lifted the rubber cock to her mouth and sucked the head. Kirsty could swear she heard him groan as the door latched.  
  
She laughed as she walked to her room - unable to believe she was so bold. She felt lightheaded, all the blood in her body seemed to be flowing between her rock hard nipples and her now throbbing pussy.  
  
The rubber cock felt heavy and big in her hands. Once again, Kirsty squatted in front of the mirror and spread her legs wide. Her white boy-shorts panties were completely soaking, almost transparent in the way they crudely displayed her aroused labia and clit. She couldn't resist a quick rub of her clit through the damp material.   
  
She raised the dildo again and kissed the head, fantasising about the couple in the doorway. She wasn't very experienced in the art of giving blow jobs, but enjoyed the sensation of having a big 'cock' in her mouth.   
  
She felt the need to fuck the thing though, and let it fall out of her mouth with a pop. Imagining she had been bold enough to invite parcel guy in and suck him off, she stuck the suction cup to the wooden floor in front of the mirror and quickly pulled off her knickers. Squatting over it, she rubbed the head up and down her soaking cunt, slapping it against her clit.   
  
Lining it up, she slowly impaled herself on it, the sensation of her pussy geing stretched and filled simultaneously making her mew with pleasure. Down and down she sank until her clit touched the contoured balls at the base of the dildo. She paused to look at the sight - stiletto heels flat on the floor either side of the suction cup. Legs spread wide showing milky thighs and a stretched, soaking pussy topped with a fully engorged clit. Vest top pulled up to provide easy access to those nipples, the flushes of arousal visible on her chest, neck and cheeks.  
  
Kirsty drew herself upwards again until the head was almost visible before slamming down hard - causing herself to scream aloud. Again and again she rose up and down on the fake cock, developing a rythm, twisting and stretching her nipples and slapping her clit as she moaned in pleasure. She felt an orgasm building, starting in the base of her clitoris and intensifying as she fucked herself. Harder and harder she bounced, her eyes rolling back in her head and blood throbbing in her cunt as she rode to ecstacy.   
  
Just as she passed the point of no return, moaning loudly and pinching her nipples with both hands, her eyes flew open.  
  
"You filthy fucking bitch!" Sam and her latest squeeze stood in the doorway to her room, expressions half shocked, half laughing.  
  
"Fuck, not now, please no. Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck." The sensations in her cunt, clit, nipples reached a crescendo and she came. Hard.   
  
Her audience continued to watch as she gushed fresh juices over her hands, the dildo and even the floor. Kirsty caught Sam's eye as another wave of orgasm struck her. The look was pure arousal. Eventually the pleasure subsided and she regained the power of speech.   
  
"Sam, I'm so sorry, I..."  
  
"Not a problem babes, sexiest thing I've seen for a long time. Come on loverboy, eyes back in your head and come to my room. I'm so horny after that little display and I can't wait to ride your cock like she just rode that dildo."   
  
With that, and one last ogle at her body, the pair went in to Sam's room, leaving the door partly open.